

SCHOOL POEM

Sweet school! thy face above me gleaming

A sunset radiance given:

Ah, love! thy tones' sweet cadence dying
Sings in my heart and lives.

Clasped, dear, close to my heart, thy birding
Foldeth her wings in peace--

Trusts thee! feeling nor cold nor shadow,

Finding at last her ease,

From fear a safe release,

Heart's love, with thee.

Sweet school: the rosy radiance gleams

Athwart the sunset sky:

List, love! and hear the bird's sweet notes
In lingering cadence die.

Clasp, dear, thy clinging hands in mine,
And, holding fast by me,

Trust me! I will be true, my dear,

Be ever true to thee-So true, mother I'll be
True son, to thee!

ODE TO SCIENCE

O torch of science, chase ignorance;
Show to our eyes, the light of the skies.
On man below, thy beams bestow,
Humanity guide to destiny.

All worthy subjects have divine beauty,

True windows, through which we can sense infinity.

Devout learners suatch intimate principles under shows

The nelody of things, their hidden souls.

These visits of the Deity;

Reveal the presence of Creator,

Resplendent in His artistry!

Brother Ephrem.

FACULTÉ

Frère Ephrem, Principal

Prère Oscar

Prère Francis

Frère Florien

Frère Gaudence

Frère Ernest

Prère Louis de Gonzague

Prère Léo

Frère Hector



CLASS OFFICERS

PRESIDENT

Roland Laliberté

VICE PRESIDENT

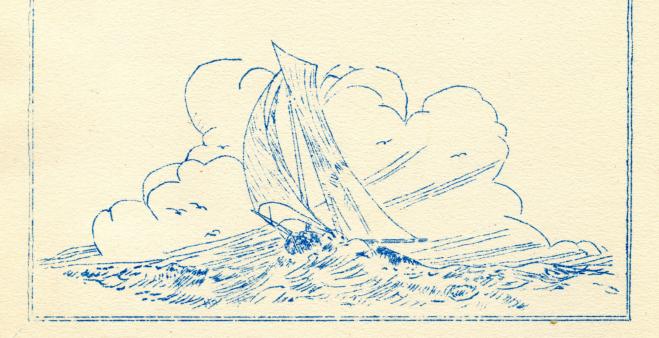
Gérard Joneas

SECHETARY

Paul Giroun

TREASURER

René Salvas



LE MAITRE RELIGIEUX

Las de l'enchantement, le Frère laisse au vulgaire Le séduisant espoir d'un bien imaginaire, Fuit le faste des cours, les honneurs, les plaisirs, Ils ne méritent point de fixer ses désirs

Son grand objet, c'est l'Homme, étonnant labyrinthe. Où d'un plan régulier l'oeil reconnait l'empreinte; Champ fécond, mais sauvage, où, par de sages lois, La rose et le chardon fleurissent à la fois.

Par ses soins et leçons, tour à tour travaillé, L'enfant devient un champ richement émaillé; Le printemps fait éclere avec la fleur fragile, L'épis qui portera la moisson utile.

Au fond de sa retraite, le Moine enseveli, Coule des jours en paix dans un modeste oubli; Préparant des héros au milieu des alarmes, Qui feront leur bonheur dans la gloire des armes.

Frère Ephrem.



CHARACTER SKETCH



Edgar Balllargeon, "Fat."

He is quick and never at a loss to give a repartee to someone whose speech he does not like. He spends most of his time in the theater and the city library. He types pretty fast when mistakes are not minded. When he musters enough courage to study he succeeds but not otherwise.



Raymond Baril, "Pete."
Football 5-4.

If you should happen to see two fellows on the street with eigers in their mouth you could guess that it's Pete and Eddie. He has a liking for niekel eigers especially when he's not used to them. Usually a fellow will start by smoking 'corn silk' and end up with the pipe or cigar, but Pete prefers to start big and take the rest as it comes.



Roland Barra, "Farmer."

Barra, the gentleman farmer, is a fiery-tongued orator. His secret of balking is as follows: Look through the window in front of you, take a convenient position behind a desk, or table, take a piece or paper in your hands and fire away. We must not forget that he is a singer of St. Joseph's choir and is very diligent for shurch exergises.



Haro Centera, "Fiddie."
Basoball 5-4. Northell 5-4.

In Eddic we have the picture of the Indian. At times he is wild, then gay and surly. However, he is a very good baseball and football player. Although he is not of the studious type he always gets along fine and is able to overcome obstacles that are in his path.



Paul Cockson, ** Cookie."

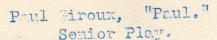
Paul is a quiet and conservative young man but a hard worker both in mental and physical work. He somer is he out of school at moon that he goes to work. In class he is a tireless worker which is rare here. He does not fool around when there's work to be done.



Paul Girouard, "La Tarte."
Baseball 5-4. Football 1-2.

Tarte is a great ticket seller which is his contribution to the school. He's a bloodhound at it, why he and Labrecque sell more tickets on the occasion than all the rest of the class together. Faul had or would have had a prosperous pie business but he put that aside to enter a grocery store. He has a good class record for studies.





Our class scoretary is also a favorite comedian. It can well be said that he is the best actor the school has ever had so far. He won his spurs by having a leading part in the last play. You seldom find him behind the first and second of the class. He is jovial in class as well as outside of class.



Laurent Hevey, "Boy Scout or War Dean".
Football 2-4.

haurent is a very talkative young man especially when asking questions in class. He probably does not know that sometimes his questions have no sense whatever but it does not matter to him. He's a real boy-scout and you can expect him to do his daily good deed. He has a certain way of getting along that is very enviable and that will later prove to be of great use.



Marcel Moule, 'Master Mind." Senior Play.

The confidence will be seen to recover or relationship reporter and the confidence of the confidence o

Wherever you go you will find some men that succeed even with obstacles against them. As far as Marcel is concerned he can aptly be called a master mind. You can depend on a man like that to make things go and keep them going. Above all he has school spirit and is a good speaker in both French and English.

produces of the control of the contr







Gérard Joneas, "Jerry."

Baseball 1-2-4. Football 1-2-3-4.

Senior Play.

Jerry is a year round athlete. He goes out for baseball, football, and would certainly go out for basketball or any other sport if we had them. He was chosen vice-president of the class It was a good pick because of his achievements in sports and acting. He is of the kind that can have a good time without going to extremes.

Paul Labrecque, "Bartender."
Football 4. Senior Play.

Paul is an air-minded fellow but we must not forget that he's an accomplished violinist. The class had the opportunity of hearing him last year and everybody acknowledged his talent. He is a good actor, possessing the gift of being very natural on the stage.

Roland Laliberté, "Red."
Baseball 1-2-3-4. Football 1-2-3-4.
Senior Play.

Rod is our class president and as fine a fellow as you may expect. He is very popular on account of his many school activities. He is unequalled in sports and above all that he's a good actor as was seen in the senior play. He is the kind of man that will succeed because he's a self-made man capable of doing much.





Richard Ryon, "Rich." Football 4.

We have here the class humorist and comedian. Although he's the class shrimp, he sure enjoys a good joke. He is a wily and clever lad and gets in the professor's hair at times. A phrenologist, upon examining him, would find many busts of intelligence or his head.

René Salvas, "Weenie."

the woods one day and see a fellow with a gun or fishing rod, it would most probably be Weenis. As an authority on things pertaining to the woods he is unexcelled. He is well-righ the second best orator of the class after Farmer, possessing a very extensive collection of expressions.

Robert Guerin '37.



Robert Guérin, "Banker."

In Bob a noble life in just proportion towers. Wit, principle and psychology are his daily companions. He talks little but thinks deeply. You can safely go to him for uplift, joy and comfort. In every organisation his influence is mighty. His ambitions are unknown to us. Wevertheless his energetic, devoted progressive ways are a warrant of success. He

goes with our best wishes.

CLASS POEM

Scion of a mighty stock,

Hands of iron... heart of oak,

Follow with unflinching tread

Where thy noble classmates led.

Craft and subtle treachery,
Gallant youth, are not for thee.
Follow, then, in words and deeds,
Where the God within thee leads.

Honesty, with steady eye,
Truth and pure simplicity,
Love, that gently winneth hearts,
These shall be thy only arts.

Prudent in the educational train,
Dauntless on the sport plain,
Ready at the School's needs
For her glory cause to please.

Senior, let thy noble motto be:
St. Louis, my light and my guide be.
Planted on Religion's rock,
It shall stand in every shock.

Laugh at defeat far or near,
Spurn at baseness, spurn at fear,
Still, with persevering might,
Spread the truth and do the right.

- So shall Success, a charming guest, Dove-like in thy bosom rest,
- So shall Honor's steady blaze Beam upon thy closing days.
- Be happy in celestial favor, Smile upon thy high endeavor,
- Be happy in thy last call For thou Il have a holy cause to fall.

Marcel Houle 157

STAFF

EDITOR IF CHIRF

Marcel Houle

LITERARY EDITORS

Paul Giroux

Robert Guérin

ART EDITOR

Paul Labrocque

SPORT EDITOR

Roland Laliberté

JOHE BUITOR

Richard Ryon

TREASURER

Gérard Joneas

There is a wide-spread belief that Catholics have done little either for the development of these United States or for the construction of the form of government under which we live. This is a mistake. No one will deny that Columbus discovered America, nor will any one acquainted with the history of the country deny that Catholics were the first to explore it.

Start from the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, go up the far west, cross over to the Mississippi, then down to the Gulf of Mexico, and you have the limits of the early Jesuit explorations, and every place is sign-posted with the name of a saint. Cross again from Quebec to New York, and again from Quebec up Lake Erie to the site of Toledo, then down through Indiana and Illinois to the Mississippi, and you have two other lines of exploration, marked by the talismanic names of saints, showing that the explorers were of a Catholic nation.

Brebeuf, Lallemant, Marquette, Joliet and LaSalle in the West and Jogues and Dablon in the East tell their own tale, and they tell it in such words that none can dispute or deny the daring courage of the Catholic heroes who fearlessly struck into the forests. These first explorers of the country eloquently extol the size and wealth and wonderful extent of lake and land, forest and prairie, bringing thousands to our shores to dig and delve and help develop the wealth of a rich land. Nearly the whole of the country now known as the United States was explored by Catholics and all this at a time when Protestants had not passed beyond the sea-board.

Then the great Magna Charta of England was an epoch making document in favor of liberty. But the Lagna Charta was created by the Catholics, maintained by Catholics and fought entirely by Catholic Bishops and people-long before the dawn of Protostantism. At the time of the Reformation this Magna Charta was the law of England. It is still today the law of England and the basis of all law in the United States. There has not been a single element (of liberty) added to it since the Reformation.

But Catholics are accused of being hostile to republican institutions and opposed to a republican form of government. Well let history answer this charge. It cannot be denied that some of the eldest republics in the world are Catholic. For example there are the republics of Genoa, Pisa, Padua and Milan, Venice and the Swiss republics; all created by Catholics before the dawn of Protestantism. And one thing to remark about this, is that all these countries were far more prosperous and happier under that form of government than they are today.

I ask, are Catholics enemies of Republics, they who have exclusively created and fostered all the Republics the Christian world has ever had, and who have given us in these United States the great principles that underlie our government and make us the free and happy people we Take away the principles of the Magna Charta on which our republic is built, and from which it has all the principles that in any manner make us a free people. Take away the religious freedom which Catholic Paryland first taught. Take away our courts and common law which are the creation of Catholic canon law applied to civil life, and you will have very little to beast except the carrying out and the putting into practice of the principles that Catholies created and handed down to the world as their gift to mankind. It is a great deal to put principles into practice, even if the principles have been given and for this the world has just cause to look to America with pride, because though created elsewhere and circumscribed to some extent, we have put those principles into practice with a generous heart and large mind.

In the face of these facts, I ask have Catholics no rights in America? Are they here by telerance? they done nothing to merit a right to live and toact as free Americans, or have they done nothing for the country to merit their share not only in the direction of public affairs but in distribution of public favors? Catholic minority no rights in the face of the Protestant majority? They discovered the country; they explored it; they have done their share in the opening up and the development of the country; they fought for the country; they gave their treasure and their blood for the country; they gave the country the great principles that make us a free people, and furthermore, the Catholic Church stands today as the only great institution that can ever stem out, or at least rival, communism, the future enemy of the world. What about it?

Let all fair minded people take eare and pender, for it is high time to give due recognition to Catholics for the yeomen services they have rendered to the country.

CLASS HISTORY

It is not the purpose of this brief sketch to trace in detail the vicissitudes and joys which have passed during our high school career but simply to give an inte-

ling of the days that made us what we are.

Work carried us through grammar efforts and landed us on the sunlit plain of secondary training. Though the years gnawed at our number, we remained a still imposing group to drink at the spring of learning and to acquire the skill that will enable us to gain more easily the necessaries for our livelihood. A common flame burnt in us all, the devotion to education and to the tradition of our Alms Mater.

The angel of friendship came often among us to form and cement those ties of fraternity which 'still exist unbroken. The muses inspired us to productive efforts each giving the best that was in him. The spirit of self-sacrifice was almost always hovering over us, while contentment, glee, and ambition strengthened the sinews

of our souls.

We toiled and fought as a unit, in scholarly lanes, on the gridiron, on the diamond, in musical haunts, in social and religious activities. Our record shows that good will was never wanting, that harmony never deserted

us, that success was an unsparing stimulant.

We acknowledge that great advantages have been derived from this beloved institution. We have knowledge, skill, wisdom. We leave for the battlefield where we shall be tried as iron in the furnace. It is our sincere hope that we shall all emerge from it strong and fair, though different in aspect. One common trait will still link us and characterize us as a product of Catholic education - I mean our loyalty to our faith and to our principles, to the church and to the school that made our fame an enduring reality.

Gérard Joneas 137.

CLASS WILL

We the Seniers of the Class of 1937, same of mind and body, being on the threshold of our public career, take a lingering glance at our beloved school before departing. Conscious of the deep gratitude we owe to the faculty and the student body, we pause leisurely to pender on the past and scan the future. Then after due reflection we release this, our last will and testament.

To the devoted teachers who have done so much for us, we bequeath the assurance of a life-long remembrance and the promise that we shall incarnate in our conduct and work the uplifting principles they have inculcated us.

To the undergraduates, we bequeath our record which is our pride and ask them to imitate and surpass it if possible. We thank them for the kind assistance they have always given us and for the pleasure their company has afforded us.

To the Juniors, we bequeath the task of guiding the destinies of our Alma Mater. We know of what valuable stuff they are made, and we look forward to the joy of contemplating their glorious achievements. To all of them, as a class, we extend our most cordial appreciation for the good they have done us and leave them our best wishes.

To the president, Paul Bouthot, we bequeath the right of remaining the ideal of his classmates, the incarnation of school spirit and the leader who guides always bravely and aright.

To the vice-president, Edgar Piette, we bequeath a curling iron and dainty manners, so as to be an influence on the president and his associates in their social relations.

To the secretary, Ernest Guillemette, the smiling boy, we bequeath the privilege of remaining the short, flashy sheik of our renowned town.

To the treasurer, Jean Paul Emond, the hard-hearted undertaker, we bequeath the right to have commerce with the dead but we deny him the right to have nightmares and rave in school.

To Romeo Dion, the ambitious business man, we bequeath the job of directing the future of the Biddeford Journal in a better way than he has done in the past.

To Jean Paul Drapeau, we bequeath the title of model student and the prestige that will engage all the wavering minds to be the adopts of school regulations.

To Joffre Remillard, the fine complexion personified, we bequeath the secret formula for bleaching and

vouchsafe for the gratifying results.

To Hervé Lauzier, the human machine, we bequeath the right to live for work and we dispense him from

sloop as the best method of becoming rich quick.

To Lionel Custoau, the visionary man, we bequeath, hidden under the teacher's dosk, a whole chest of embition and a large supply of Camel eigerettes to make studying easier.

To Ernest Fontaine, the sport ace, we bequeath the right of emulating Babe Ruth and the hope that he will

oclipso him ontirely by the year 2000 A.D.

To Charlemagne Pournier, the great football player, we bequeath the permission of crushing all opposition on the gridiron but without using his plows as shinguards.

To Albert Cordonu, the towering colossus, we bequeath the leave of shrinking so as to enable his admirers to look at him square in the face without the use of a ladder.

To Conrad Gronier, the stately policeman, we bequeath the right to pick as many fights as he likes, for he shall thus meet his Waterloo the sooner.

To Paul Villandry, the pool shark, we bequeath a big place behind the eighth ball, if his competitor,

Paul Bouthot, has not taken it all.

To Paul Vallière, the fiddling artist, we bequeathe the power of retaining his Staline look, together with a love for stronuous exercise to enable him to reduce.

Having disposed of our most precious thoughts and belongings, we turn our eyes toward new horizons and have the satisfaction of having done justice to all.

In testimony whereof we affix our name to this legal document which we safely deposit in the principal's office, this eighteenth day of June, Mineteen hundred thirty-seven.

The Senior Class
per René Salvas 137.

Witnesses: Popcyc Olive Oyl Swee'pea

CLASS PROPHECY

Shortly after my graduation from Saint Louis High School, Biddeford, Maine, in the prosperous year of 1937, I secured a permanent position as salesman for a big local firm which maintained offices and warehouses in several important cities in the United States. After a period of two years' service I was transferred to Los Angeles where I was to manage the company's interests.

Here I was totally absorbed in my laborious work for twenty years, during which I soldom heard news and occasionally met people from back home. When I was offered a vacation, I readily accepted. Soon my belongings were packed and I was on my way to my native state.

While I was given information at the ticket office, I heard an old familiar voice at a distance, although I could not recall the individual, but as he
passed nearby I had a perfect glimpse of him. Was I
surprised to see Paul Labrecque in a pilot's uniform.
After exchanging a friendly handshake he told me how
hard he worked to become a regular pilot on a trans-continental plane. Already Paul's ability had saved countless passengers from an inevitable deadly crash. He was
hailed as America's pilot No. 1.

Reaching New York in late afternoon, I decided to stay over-night. After suppor I attended the best opera in the metropolis. I was tremendously astonished when I gazed at the announcement; "Today, Paul Cookson, the screen's famous dancing star, in person. You can not afford to miss it!" It was so unexpectedly that I nearly swallowed the last remnant of my eiger that lay idle in the corner of my mouth. I greatly enjoyed the entertainments. Paul's dencing reminded me of the famous Astaire's steps of my boyhood days. After the performances I saw Paul and chatted with him. He was filled with enthusiasm and dreamed of higher fame.

As I was about to bid Paul good night, we were interrupted by two strangers who came to congratulate him for his marvelous and elaborate act, saying Paul was the ideal man of the stage. Was I startled when they gave their names as Gorard Joneas and René Salvas, our old friends and classmates, who were vacationing in New York. We colebrated this wonderful coincidence by means of a jolly party. We had a real grand time together. Mr. Salvas was now a well trained and allured politician

and Mr. Joneas the actual agent of the Pepperell Mfg. Co. for their plant in Biddeford, Maine. Both of them constituted the city's big shots as well as the possessors of the deepest knowledge in politics. The next day, after a few hours of pleasant and friendly causerie with my beloved classmates, I boarded a train for my home town.

Indeed, the city had changed immensely during my long absence. Main street had been widered, new and taller sky-scrapers erected, telegraph posts substituted for under-ground wiring system. In a word everything was modernized. Needing a new supply of eash I walked into the First National Bank. I was warmly welcomed by the president of the institution who was Robert Guerin. While talking about the grand time we had in our school days, a short, wild, fantastic man came rushing in to make a deposit. As soon as he set eyes on me, he made semewhat of an aerobatic gesture in my direction: "Well, he said, scrape my hide if this is not Houle." His voice enabled me to identify him as the Richard Ryan of old. Richard was still only a short-put but a powerful one in the plumbing business.

I was then informed that Raymond Baril was the most skillful machinist the Saco-Lowell ever had and was well progressing in life. Mare Cantara had still the same shy, clusive personality of his youth, though he had succeeded to acquire a job at the foundry through the medium of Baril's personal influence in the mill's polities. Whereas Laurent Hevey was hired as chauffour for rich people, and on days off he could still roam and stroll about Main Street, seeking blonde maidens, at his

heart's pleasure.

Comfortably establishing myself in an expensive apartment of the new Bankcroft hetel, trying to rest from the day's weariness I was interrupted by the door bell. On opening the door, I faced Paul Girouard. Bidding him to come in, I passed a swell hour talking about sweet old memories. Paul had followed in his father's footsteps, now being a wealthy and popular baker, in as much as Delorge's greatest rival. From him I learned that Paul Giroux was a thriving store owner and sold everything at absolutely full price except wise cracks.

On coming out from a luxurious restaurant I suddenly came across a newspaper boy who was yelling: "Extra, local rich man murdered, Extra..." I hastily bought a copy and was stunned when reading the headlines: "Mr. J. B. Show murdered, butler arrested." Reading the following lines, I could hardly believe my own eyes. "Mr. Edgar Baillargeon, convinced murderer has little chance of escaping the electric chair. Attorney Ceneral R. Barra has custody of Baillargeon's case. Chief of police Roland Laliberte baffled over outcome."

I concluded to visit lawyer Barra and learn the real facts. I was generously greated by my old class-mate who seemed confident, his evidences and witnesses were sufficient to clear his client. The state had the best lawyers obtainable thus making his lot the harder. I attended the court session and was amazed at the magnificent eloquence and sublime preciseness with which Attorney Barra defended his case. Effective and accurate words slipped from his mouth as gracefully and smoothly as clear water down a brook. His diplomatic efficiency allowed the jury to find Mr. Baillargeon mot guilty. The newspaper declared it was the best piece of work ever done by a lawyer.

During my tay I had the pleasure to assist at the celebration of the 25th anniversary of the establishment of St. Louis High School. I could hardly recognize my old school. It was nearly eight times its original size with a well equipped gymnasium and a most up-to-date laboratory. Truly our Alma Mater had kept up to the standards.

At the banquet I met all my old professors and classmates. All were present to participate at the ceremony. Our old Principal, Brother Ephrem, though age had restricted his active disposition could still chat and remind us of some happy episodes of the glorious past. Brother Oscar, while leaning on his cane, could elegantly discuss any branch of science with the greatest of ease. Brother Francis, retired from school-teaching served as an experienced advisor to sport trainers.

My few weeks of vacation were the happiest days I had ever known. I felt as though I had returned to the world into which I had so cherished and endeared in my youth and where everybody was blissfully happy. I seemed renewed with a well supply of fortitude and endeavor ready to withstand misfortune and adversity, and eager to venture through the rest of life's jeopardous and hazardous journey.



Gerard Joneas: Jerry
Temperament: High hat.
Pastime: Pricking Salvas.
Pet Phrase: Seven comes
before eleven.
Weak Point: Brunettes, oh

my...
Ambition: Be as good a bragger as Salvas.

And the control of th

Raymond, Baril: Pete
Temperament: AuthoritaPastime: Walking. tive.
Pet Phrase: Tu vas voir
moi.
Weak Point Spit balls.
Ambition: Be a hero.

Robert Guérin: Banker.
Temperament: Slow.
Pastime: Reading.
Pet Phrase: Sure - sure.
Weak Point: Sports.
Ambition: To have a let of money.

Marcel Houle: Master Mind.
Temperament: Oh! well easy.
Pastime: Study.
Pet Phrase: Can't fool me.
Weak Point: Getting others
sore.
Ambition: Be a professor.

Paul Cookson: Cookie.
Temperament: Lovable.
Pastime: Dancing.
Pet Phrase: Oh! no, no,...
Weak Point: Singing.
Ambition: To hear people
say: "The magic
feet of Paul Henry
Cookson."

Paul Labrecque: Bartender.
Temperament: Fair.
Pastime: Hunting.
Pet Phrase: Pay when served.
Weak Point: Lassies.
Ambition: To pour it.

CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF THE



Paul Girouard: "La Tarte"
Temperament: Show off.
Pastime: Playing pool.
Pet Phrase: In the side.
Weak Point: Straight
shots.

Ambition: Ruby

Roland Laliberté: "Red"
Temperament: Agreeable.
Pastime: Pastime.
Pet Phrase: Blood.
Meak Point: Bowling.
Ambition: Baseball in the big leagues.

René Salvas: "Weenie"
Temperament: Detestable.
Pastime: Shooting Cra...
Pet Phrase: Oh Jerry!
Weak Point: Bragging.
Ambition: Make it stick.

The second secon

Laurent Hevey: Boy Scout Temperament: Fair. Pastime: Walking around. Pet Phrase: Oh, I guess. Weak Point: Shating. Ambition: Be a sailor "Sucker." Edgar Baillargoon: "Fat"
Tomperament: Snubbish.
Pastime: Sweep the sidewalk.
Pot Phrase: Oh! ah, ah...
Weak Point: Singing.
Ambition: Fat man in the

circus

Roland Barra: "Farmor"
Temperament: Fiory.
Pastime: Reading.
Pot Phrase: Ch! Dear!
Weak Point: Debating.
Ambition: Be an orator.

Marc Cantara: "Eddic"
Temperament: Lazy.
Fastime: Library.
Pet Phrase: Coccoch!
Meak Point: School.
Ambition: Fardly any.

Richard Ryan: "Shrimp Temperament: Joky. Pot Phraso: Nice. Weak Point: Blondes. Ambition: Filling station attendant. Lastine: Fooling.

C J J J J J J J S S

Paul Bouthot;

President:

The gentleman.

Edgar Piette,

Vice President: The studious boy.

Ernest Guillemette, Secretary:

The great historian.

Jean Paul Emond,

Treasurer:

The funeral director.

Albert Cordeau:

Leonel Custeau:

Roméo Dion:

Jean Paul Drapeau:

Ernest Fontaine:

Charlemagne Fournier:

Conrad Grenier:

Herve Lauzier:

Joffre Remillard:

Leopold Vallière:

Paul Villandry:

The court-house fan.

The nervous pin-boy.

The paper-boy.

The all-around athlete.

The great pitcher.

The football hero.

The ambitious fellow.

The great poet.

The great politician.

The big laughing baby.

The joke cracker.

Paul Bouthot '38.

THE JUNIOR CLASS

The Junior Class forms an imposing group of enthusiastic and courageous young men. Ambitious, hardworking, devoted, school-spirited, the Alma Mater has no better sons. Few aggregations have ever worked as much as they for the honor and the prosperity of Saint Louis.

Here you find a wonderful array of divers talents. They have been the main prop of the football team, they have assured the success of the annual whist, they have been animators and examplers in the League of the Sacred Heart, they have established a record in the sales of tickets for the church benefit, they have been shining students, and baseball finds among them its greatest stars.

Naturally the performance of such deeds has entailed a great deal of efforts and sacrifices. Nothing has been too great to be donated to the school. Remunerative jobs have been laid aside, cars have been lent, leisure has been discarded - in a word, nothing necessary has ever been too dearly priced to be offered on the alter of common good.

The Class of 1957 may depart in peace. The home fires will be kept burning. The torch handed to successors will be held on high. The mantle of glory will fall on worthy shoulders. The future is rosy. The traditions will not only be observed but enhanced and made more illustrious by the stalwart members of the Class of 1938.

Edgar Piette '38.

SOPHOMORES

Roland Bellefeuille, Fresident: The budding politician.

Joseph Bouchard, Vice President: The model student.

Gérard Nadeau, Secretary: The All-American football prospect.

Alcide Boucher, Treasurer: The silent athlete.

Léopold Baril: The stage comedian.
Robert Brochu: The cousin of Durante.
Walter Brouillette: The class loudspeaker.

Paul E. Charland: The lunchman's chief resource.

René Crotoau: The basketball fan.

Alphonse Custoau: The poet.

Léonard Drapeau: The junior grocer.
Raymond Fréchette: The jolly soph.

George H. Gagnon: The silent achiever.

Adrien Lossard: The pianist.

Armand Levesque: The air-minded pupil.

Gérard Martin: The talented actor.

Paul Mercier: The popular friend.

Gérard Neault: The shating rink flash.

Ralph Paradis: The class baby.
Raymond Paradis: The copying artist.
Albert Pelletier: Ichabod's double.

Paul E. Perron: The parish social worker.
Norbert Shevenell: The short pants lawyer.

THE SORHOMORE CLASS

As freshmen we were considered as the wild tribe. Numerous, talented, spirited as we were, we naturally resented the appellation and by sheer determination emerged from this period of contempt as the hope of future greatness.

From the onset of our sephomore year we had won recognition of our inclienable rights and ever since it has been our ambition to show what our group means to the student body. We are now the school's greatest ally. Our constant care has been to cherish and improve tradition. This we have done with a glad heart and an iron hand.

Everybody knows what our presence has meant to the Sacred Heart League, to football, baseball, to the orchestra and to dramatics. All the appeals of the Alma Mater have found in us a generous response. Our hearts endued with courage, our friendship ever true, our help pledged to all good causes, are so many titles to gratitude.

We are not driven men, we are simply coached, and will become leaders of men. We are determined to hold the gains we have already made, to overcome the hardships which may beset us in our remaining scholastic career, and to continue to merit the respect and admiration of all.

We are well aware of our responsibilities, we see our duties in a vivid way, we feel our heart throbbing with exultation; working together as a brave unit we look up to our junior and senior years as the field of wider interests, of larger hopes, and greater achievements. Our elders must have no worry, there will be no breakdown on the ascension to higher fame; we are the metal of which heroes are forged.

Hurrah! for the Sophomores,
Hurrah! for those gallant boys,
Proudly loving Blue and Gold,
Throughout trials and joys.

Alphonse Custeau '39.

FRESHMEN

Robert Lemieux,

President:

The supermind lad.

Gérard Hebert, Vice President:

The class dictionary.

Léopold Petrin,

Secretary:

The violin imitation.

Edmond Boucher,

Treasurer:

The class midget.

Robert Ayotte:

Marcel Beaudoin:

Gérard Belisle:

Léonold Bellerose:

laymond Boissonnault:

Edouard Bolduc:

Raymond Bolduc:

Urbain Cadorette:

Paymond Vôte:

Léopold Crotecu:

Albert Danis:

Jérome Lescharbault:

Leonel Dubois:

Laurice Fontaine:

Raymond Cirouard:

Roland Hénaire:

Raoul Henry:

René Hevey:

Rodolphe Joneas:

Philippe Lacroix:

Robert Lacroix:

Henry Neveux:

Oscar Paradis:

Joseph Peloquin:

Robert Perron:

Louis Charles Pettis:

Paul Pontbriand:

Charles Pothier:

Jean-Paul Rheaume:

Raymond Sylvestre:

Gérard Tardiff:

Daniel Thibault:

Robert Thibault:

Roland Boissonmault:

The emblem of neatness.

The quick wit boy.

The master mind.

The voluble Romeo.

The nightingale.

The handsome hero.

The patient worker.

The future man.

The humorous grouch.

The warton wooden soldier.

The Saco Ambassador.

The weary and late guest.

The recilless driver.

The bainy boy or

Alibi Ike novie fan...

The significant lad.

The frechle face.

The naval cadet.

The wise-cracker.

The promising courtier.

The eclipse son or the

snob boy.

The grown boy.

The blond, handsome boy.

The revolving chatterbox.

The handsome Peloquin or

prize-fighter.

The sweet altar boy.

The cutsie parrot.

The lost mine.

The hidden genius.

The famous surgeon.

The class's sweetheart.

The dictation boy.

The modest student.

The bibliophile

The attentive boy. Leonold Pétrin

140.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

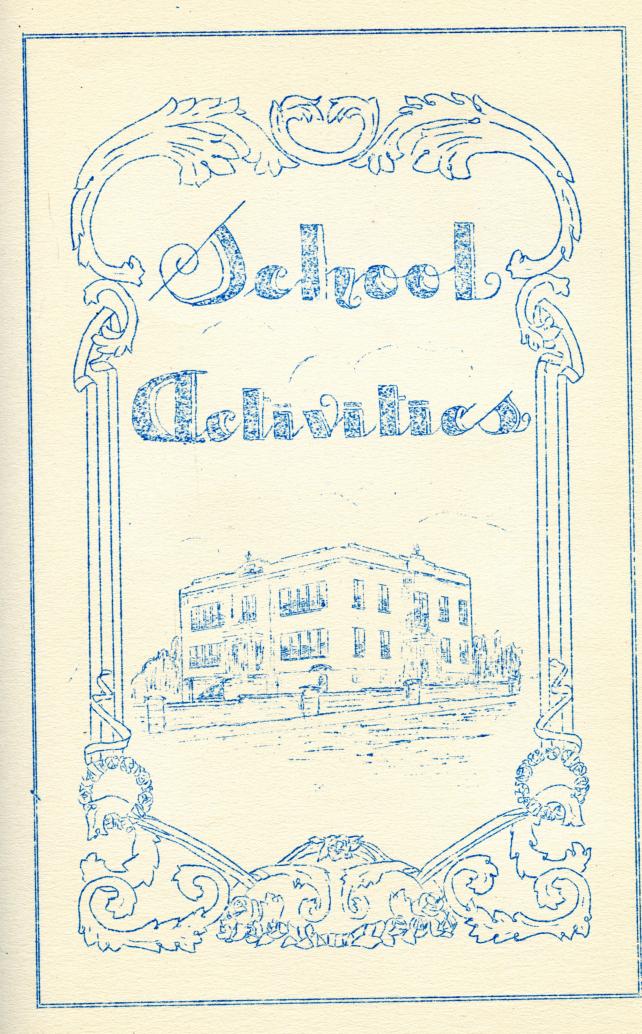
If we happen to open the book of our past and turn over the pages of the different grades, we read with a glowing interest that our group has always ranked among the best rated and most popular classes. We take pride however, in acknowledging that our success was largely due to our competent and devoted teachers.

Last September saw forty young mem stepping up to high school. Although beardless and green, they looked forward with a gleeful heart, decided to engage manfully and profitably in four years of superior and Catholic education. The mouths that have rolled by have not altered this grim determination. Forty coldiers are still in the ranks imbibing the training that makes for loyal citizens and good Christians.

During this period of achievement, curcless has contributed valuable material to all organizations, namely: the League of the Sacred Heart, sports, orchestra, church, social and benevolent activities. It has revealed the rich resources that lie in us. If the past of our elders is glorious, there is no reason why ours should not equal, may surpass it. We rejoice at the dispositions that characterize our period of adolescence when the need and opportunities are so remarkable.

As we go along we shall gain momentum. There is no end to our possibilities. Any task challenging us will find us ever ready to prompt and vigorous action. It is only sunrise for us, the day is notyet done. If you live long enough to see it, you will be amazed by the splendor of our record. Long live the forty artists of the class of 1940.

Gérard Hébert 140.



M. LE CURE J. A. LAFLAMME

Monsieur Leflamme, pour l'auguste caractère dont il est revêtu; pleins de reconnaissance affectueuse pour ce condescendant attachement qu'il nous a toujours témeigné. Il est notre chef, notre pasteur, Dieu parmi nous. Sous une couronne de cheveux blancs, c'est le regard plein de mansuétude, c'est le sourire de paternelle bonté, c'est le coeur compatissant à nos faiblesses, généreux dans ses conseils et ses encouragements, largement ouvert à tous les pardons et à toutes les juvéniles aspirations.

Une paroisse, c'est une famille véritable composée de frères en Jésus-Christ et gouvernée au nom du Pòre céleste par le père de nos amos. C'est la que nous sommes éclairés, instruits, consolés, bénits, absous, fortifiés. Nous devons l'aimer, la fréquenter, contribuer à sa prospérité et nous y tenir à notre place. Sous l'habile et dévoué direction de notre curé, notre paroisse St. Joseph s'est organisée, développée et elle est devenue l'orgueil de ce diocèse. Elle a ses oeuvres, grandes, admirables, durables. Elle est une communauté exem-

plaire, grace à son zèle inlassable et éclairé.

Mais parmi les plus beaux fleurens de sa couronne se distingue la prédilection qu'il manifeste à l'enfance. Denner à nos intelligences la science qu'elles réclament n'est qu'une partie de son souci. Se souvenant que la vie de chrétien ici-bes n'est qu'une lutte continuelle, il a veille avant tout au développement de notre vie morale. Il lui en a couté de prévoyance, de sacrifices, de dévouement pour créer et entretenir ces écoles ou se façonne notre avenir. Nous l'apprécions vivement et lui effrons avec nos remerciements les plus sincères l'assurance que nous garderons sa mémoire en bénédiction.

Chacum des membres de la classe de 1937 peut dire

avoc véracité:

Votre image sera mon plaisir le plus doux; A tout heure, en tous lieux, j'aurai sa compagnie, Et mon fidèle esprit, qui demeure avec vous,

Entretiendra souvent votre aimable génie.

Il nous scrait doux de peuvoir payer de retour tous ces biens, mais nous sommes obligés de confesser notre impuissance. D'ailleurs, nous savons fort bien que M. le Curé.

Mettant en Dieu sa confiance, Espérant tout de sa bonté, Dans le sein de la Providence Il trouve son repos et sa félicité.

BROTHER EPHREM

Since all educational institutions honor and venerate their respective patrons it is natural that we, the students of St. Louis High School pay tribute to our beloved founder, Rev. Brother Pphrem and dedicate this annual to him. Regardless of all obstacles he has succeeded through his officatious labors to pave the way for the organization of this house of learning. He made Saint Louis what it is today, and prepared it for a brillant career.

Under Brother Ephrem's able and ingenious direction one of the best programs of studies was intelligently made. It is a course that affords all students desirous of success a broader and a deeper knowledge of classics, commerce and science. This completed, Brother Ephrem proceeded to have the High School recognized by the State so that its students may have full credit for their accomplishments in higher institutions of learning. Through his tireless and painstaking efforts, the first parochial Catholic high school for boys in the State's history was approved. Brother Ephrem's efficient and skillful leadership brought great honors to Saint Joseph's parish.

Again, he displayed great interest and enthusiasm for the progress and reputation of the school in the sports field. Never did he miss a chance to encourage athletes or to stimulate vigor in the baseball and football teams. He was justly rewarded by the success and popularity they enjoy. Both teams are the pride of the school and are depended upon to sustain the traditions set up by their wise founder and to bring further glory to our Alma Mater.

Indeed, Brother Ephrem fully realized that schools must attend to the physical welfare of its pupils for future worthy citizens. This he placed as a secondary problem, which under any condition must not exceed the far more sacred and delicate duty for which this institution was especially built, that is, the formation of genuine Catholic gentlemen. Under Brother Ephrem's supervision a religious organization called the League of the Sacred Heart, was launched. This organization aimed to better the development of the spiritual and moral interests of its followers. Here again his enterprises blazed with success.

Besides being an arduous champion of knowledge, a clever and sincere leader Brother Ephrem is a remarkable poet and writer. He possesses a natural ability and talent in literature and poetry. He has manifested this art in the enquisite articles and poems which one may find most interesting to read in the school's yearbooks.

Brother Ephrem is a man of unfailing success, of singular quickness in reading character, in seizing the key to the present position and the passes to the future. Particularly, we seniors, who had the great pleasure to have him as our English professor, as supervisor of our yearbook have always found a hearty reception in our numerous contacts with his splendid personality. A friendly welcome, an acute advoitness and dexterous manners in his dealings, a simple but straightforward advice, whenever the occasion presented itself, made him very popular and beloved of the student body and of those who had the good fortune to meet him.

To an extraordinary extent he has by his acts, his words, his thoughts and even the events of his life associated himself with us forever and will live in the memory of all of us. May God grant him many blissful years of deserved happiness.

THE WHIST

Saint Louis High School sponsors sports because they provide physical training which is a part of a well rounded education. Besides securing leisure time activities and exercise, they make for qualities that are very precious. Play develops judgment, industry, obedience; it is a source of self-control; it expands and cements friendships and social relations. In fact, the gridiron and the diamond are the special ground for leadership when surrounded by proper conditions. Moreover fame accrues to the Alma Mater from these battles and victories which broadcast its worth and bring reputation.

Naturally these recreational opportunities are costly. The Saints have always had the coaching, the equipment, the treatment which are the best. It entails expenses that have to be met some way. But the school spirit of the students is ever ready to shoulder any task redundent to the glory and welfare of Saint Louis. So it was an easy matter to organize for a whist which would clear all the expenses incurred by

the athletic department.

A committee composed of Roland Laliberté, Marc Cantara, Raymond Baril, Paul Labrecque, Gérard Joneas, Richard Ryan, Marcel Houle and Laurent Hevey was in sharge of the affair. The support given by school-mates and by the general public was very gratifying. It was the best card party we over had. People were greatly pleased by the fun they had and by the manners displayed by the Senior Class. It was not only a success from the financial point of view but from an educational angle also.

The proceeds enabled the school authorities to clear the debts which were hanging heavy on them and the principal took charge of rewarding the players for their devotedness during the football season by awarding them their letter and a long coveted hood which proved to be a blessing during the winter months. The memory of this successful sportive season and the joys that embalmed it all will be remembered by every one.

Laurent Hevey '37.

LE RÉVÉREND M. GILBERT DUBÉ

Tout le monde dans Biddeford connaît le Révérend M. Gilbert Dubé, cet homme actif, jovial, entreprenant, l'âme et le soutien des bonnes oeuvres. Peut-lire que plusieurs ignorent tout ce qu'il a fait pour la prospérité de notre Alma Mater. Le beau mur de granit, le nivellement de la terrace, les ornements extérieures qui embellissent notre édifice, déjà splendide par lui-même, sont aussi autant de voix qui chantent sa louange et apprendront son non et réciteront ses travaux apostoliques aux générations futures.

Mais pour nous autres, qui jouissons des bienfaits d'une éducation supérieure, nous apprécions surtout le soin qu'il met a développer les oeuvres d'action catholique et notamment l'association religieurse de notre jeunesse et ses mouvements spécialisés qui, dans les épreuves de l'heure présente, est un puissant motif de confiance.

En face des dangers actuels, de l'assaut formidable de l'esprit du mal, la générosité apostolique de la jeunesse chrétienne est de grande importance. En face des théories qui mettent en dure opposition les prétentions orgueilleuses du communisme et les sentiments de charité chrétienne, notre vaillant chaplain ne peut demeurer silencieux. Quel exemple impressionnant de vaillance il nous a donné. Uniquement préoccupé du bien des êmes et des ceuvres paroissiales, il a employé tous les moyens à sa disposition pour activer cette action catholique qui est si chère au coour du grand pape Pie XI, l'illustration des temps modernes.

Nous pouvons l'assurer qu'il a semé un bon grain et que la moisson qui se lève renferme de fort belles promesses. Il nous fait plaisir de jeter un regard vers le réconfortant avenir qui sera embaumé du souvenir de notre grand bienfaiteur, le Révérend M. Dubé, auréelé des vertus qui font resplendir le prêtre selon le coeur de Dieu. Ce sera pour nous le parfum de l'encensoir, l'are-en-eiel qui brille au sein des nues, la fleur du resier aux jours du printemps, le vase d'er erné de pierres précieuses, l'olivier qui pousse ses fruits.

Nous aimerions à le payer de retour, nous lui offreus nos coeurs qui resterent toujours des vases Athéniens remplis des fruits du Calvaire.

NADEAU WINNER OF JOURNAL CUP

Gérard Nadeau, sophomore at the Saint Louis high School, is the winner of the cup awarded by the Biddeford Journal to the winner of the contest closed this week in which followers of the local high school teams had an opportunity of selecting the player they believed to be the most valuable to his team in the past football season. Nadeau, who crowded out a team mate, Laliberté, in the next to the last week of the race, increased his lead this week to win the contest.

Nadeau won the trophy with 5,402 votes against 4,647 for Laliberté. Pierce of Biddeford high and Soucy of Thornton, who were well up in the race, finished with 1,932 and 1,681, respectively.

Thirty-one players were nominated by the fans for the contest. Soucy gave the winners a race up to the final few weeks, and Pierce of Biddeford was in the competition until the final two weeks.

Quite a little interest was created by the contest, quite a few mailing in single coupons to aid their favorites for the selection. Youngsters displayed the most interest, however, several of the candidates getting most of their votes through efforts of the grammar school pupils to beest their favorite.

Nadeau, winner of the contest, weighs 130 pounds and stands five feet-six inches. He played left tackle in half the games last year and this season was the regular in that position. His ceach, speaking of Nadeau, said he was short, but quick-eyed-spirited, and he was a tower of strength to his team, and that he has won many admirers by his playing.

The Biddeford Journal.

LA LIGUE DU SACRÉ COEUR

L'éducation consiste essentiellement dans la formation de l'homme, lui enseignant ce qu'il doit être et compent il doit se comporter dans cette vie pour atteindre la fin en vue de laquelle il a été créé.

L'école catholique prend donc l'homme pour l'élever, le régler, le perfectionner d'après la doctrine du Christ pour en faire un vrai chrétien et un homme de caractère. A l'école catholique la jeunesse vit dans une atmosphère de spiritualité, elle allume sa lampe au contact de l'idéal catholique pour pouvoir ensuite éclairer le milieu scolaire, le milieu familial, le milieu social.

Aujourd'hui surtout, la crise mondiale, la menace communiste, l'exemple d'autres jeunesses et l'appel du Pape semblent faire comprendre aux jeunes de notre paroisso, que la justice, la charité et l'Evangile comptent dans la vie autant et plus que l'argent.

Voila pourquoi ils sont avides d'action catholique, qui est la participation du laic à l'apostolat du prêtre.

Voila pourquoi les éleves de l'Ecole Saint Louis ont joint la Ligue du Sacré Coeur qui est pour les hommes de la paroisse, le chemin tracé à l'élite par la voix du pretre.

La section des étudiants ligueurs se fait remarquer par son organisation, son union, sa force. Tous les premiers vendredis du mois ils s'approchent des sacrements, ils reçoivent les conseils du directeur spirituel, le devoué Père Dubé, et ils font leur heure d'adoration.

Ils ont en outre une communion générale tous les troisièmes dimanches du mois, et une conférence est donnée dans la salle de l'école par un membre de la Ligue le vendredi précédent. Dans cette même réunion le frère Directeur donne aussi un mot d'ordre et de précieux encouragements.

Tout le monde sait comment se comportent les jeunes gens de la Ligue à l'école, à l'Eglise, au choeur de chant, aux oeuvres sociales. C'est une entreprise de formation religieuse, morale et sociale, qui gonfle les coeurs d'une sainte joie, qui arrache un cri d'espérance en l'avenir et qui prépare pour notre clerge bien-aimé des auxiliaires instruits et avides de se dévouer pour les oeuvres paroissiales, pour le bon combat.

Comme président de la Ligue, section des étudiants de l'Ecole Saint Louis, je puis affirmer que tous les membres ont à cocur de suivre l'exemple de leurs ainés, la section des hommes, et qu'ils travaillement fidèlement à la défense, à l'aide et à la prospérité de la paroisse St. Joseph.

Marcol Houle '37.

BIRD CABINET GIVEN SCHOOL.

SAINT LOUIS HIGH HAS MUCH APPRECIATED DONATION.

Mr. and Mrs. Myron Brainard of 11 Amherst street have denated to Saint Louis high school a beautiful malogany cabinet containing over 20 species of interesting birds.

Any one versed in the matter will appreciate the selection of the individuals represented and the skill of the man who made up the display. The whole affair is a bright combination of science and artistry, very rare in our modern world. The case itself is a gem of handiwork, it has stood the battling attacks of time and climate, and it remains a marvel over a century old. The taxidermist who gave these feathered friends their lasting trimming was indeed a skillful man.

The school faculty and the student body appreciate more deeply than words can tell the thoughtful gesture of the denors. It must have been hard to part with this little masterpiece, the silent witness of the family events. But the fact that it was effered so kindly and willingly proves the esteem the owners have for the cause of Catholic education in general and for the parechial school in particular.

This tribute of sincere thanks will be forgotten, the plate comemorating this gift will fade, but the souvenir of this noble deed will remain indelibly recorded in the memory and the heart of the grateful recipients, the acknowledgement states.

COMÉDIE FORT BIEN EXÉCUTÉE

Dimanche soir dernier, au théâtre City, les élèves de l'école supérieure Saint Louis, sous l'habile direction du Frère Francis, ont égayé, même émerveille, une foule des plus nombreuses, en présentant la comédie: "A qui le Heveu?...

Beaucoup d'ingémuosité avait été montré dans le choix des acteurs, qui ont été souvent et longuement applaudis pour leur habileté à se fondre à la personalité des caractères qu'ils représentaient.

"A qui le Neveu? est une comédie remplio d'action et de possibilités, et l'on peut dire, à en juger de l'encouragement que l'audience donna aux acteurs, et aux éclats de rire qui s'élovèrent à chaque saillie comique, les Saint Louis se sont montrés, une fois de plus, maîtres de la comédie, comme d'ailleurs ils le sont du drame. Leur succès est tout à leur credit, et les acteurs, dont les noms suivent, peuvent se joindre à leur directeur et s'en glorifier: Roland Laliberté, Paul Cookson, Faul Labrecque, Paul Giroux, Marcel Houle, Joffre Rémillard, Léopold Vallière, Paul Bouthot.

Jamais battus en fait de programmes intéressants pour les entre'actes, nos gars de l'école supérieure se sont depassés cette année, avec un programme musical, entrenèlé de gymnastique, qui fut très intéressant et apprécié. A part l'orchestre de l'école, et le groupe de gymnastes, il y eut sélections de violon par M. Léo Paul Pétrin, accompagné au piano par Mme. Blanche Racicot Boisvert, et morceau de cornet par M. Joseph Bouchard, accompagné au piano par line. Joseph Bouchard.

Le succès de dimanche soir est un sommet nouveau atteint par l'école Saint Louis; ils méritent nos félicitations.

La Justice, 12 février 1937.

SÉANCE RÉCRÉATIVE par les ÉLÈVES DE L'ÉCOLE ST. LOUIS

PIÈCE COMIQUE:

"A QUI LE NEVEU"

Directeur: FRÈRE FRANCES

COMPECTICUT PARCH

Orchestre

LA NEIGE

Chant

ler ACTE: Cyprien poursuivi par les agents de police se refugie chez Balochard qui avait laissé sa porte ouverte. Balochard le prend pour son neveu et quand son propre neveu arrive plus tard il le prend pour un commissionnaire qu'il attendait.

FUNICULI FUNICULA

Orchestre

GYTHASTIQUE

SELECTION DE VIOLON

THE HOURTAIN HORN

SELECTION DE CORNET

GOLOTLRINA

M. Léo Paul Pétrin

Chant

M. Joseph Bouchard

Orchestre 2me ACTE: Dupiton qui depuis des aumées cherche son neveu, vient visiter Balochard et iei il rencontre Sosthène, possesseur de sa tabatière et il le proud pour le complice de son malfaiteur. Un acent d'assurance vient aussi chez Balochard et il annonce à Dupiton que son neveu est dans la maison. Après des pourparlers Dupiton trouwe que Cyprien est son vrai neveu.

L'HYMNE MATIONAL

UNDER THE DOUBLE EAGLE

Orchestre

Personnages:

Balochard, propriétaire: Roland Laliberto Dupiton, ami d'enfance de Balochard: Paul Cookson Cyprien, serviteur et neveu de Dupiton: Paul Labrecque Sosthène, neveu de Dalochard: Paul Giroux Marcel Houle Benoit, frère de lait de Georges: Joffre Remillard Théobald, commissaire de M. Jacob: Léopold Valliere Saturnin, concierge: Paul Bouthot

A LA SALLE DE L'OPÈRA

Dimenche, le 7 février, 1937.

THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Under the direction of Brother Ernest the school orchestra is making remarkable strides on the way to perfection. Its members reach goodly number of 22. Some instruments are still lacking but no doubt in time they will be acquired. As it is the ensemble is very agreeable; it

has power, tone, harmony.

People have already had occasion to judge the orchestra. It was heard at the installation of the Lacordaire officers. A larger crowd applauded it on January 31 in Paquin hall at the installation of the officers of the League of the Sacred Heart of Saint Joseph's parish. Recently the general public was treated by its pleasing numbers at the City Opera House when the school staged its annual play.

From the encouragement given to it by the friends of the school from its very inception, it looks as if this organization is going to have a long and fruitful life. It is one more of those ordaments which Saint Louis puts forth from time to time. The records achieved in the classroom, on the athletic field, will be en-

hanced by this latest production.

It is to be hoped that all the musically inclined students will be glad to join this orchestra to add luster to the Alma Mater. Naturally, it takes time and patience to get results, it implies a great deal of devotedness and sacrifice, but the artistic outcome is worth it. People may watch this movement grow, it will be a source of pride not only for the school circle but for the whole community.

The orchestra has elected a group of offic-

ers whose names follow:

President: Paul Vallière, Vice President: Adrien Lessard. Treasurer: Paul Charland.

LECENTENAIRE DES MISSIONS

1837

1937

C'est en 1837 que le Vénérable de la Mennais envoya ses premiers disciples dans les missions. Le Très Cher Frère Archange prépare l'histoire de cet effort missionnaire pendant les cent années qui se sont écoulées depuis.

Il était donc convenable de marquer en outre ce centenaire en organisant une collecte en faveur des Missions parmi les élèves des écoles

des frères de l'Instruction Chrétienne.

Les frères ont reçu des fcuilles préparées à cette fin. Les enfants ont inscrit eux-mêmes leur nom en face du mentant de leur offrande.

Les feuilles ont été addressées par les Visiteurs à l'Administration Générale. Reliées en volume, elles ont été remises au Saint Père en même temps que le montent de la seuscription.

La plus petite somme était acceptée afin que tous, sans exception, puissent s'inscrire.

L'école Saint Louis s'est montrée très générouse dans la circonstance. Plusieurs élèves ont fait de grands sacrifices pour cette oeuvre.

Les étudiants des grades supériours se sont distingués dans cette occasion en surpassant les élèves des classes élémentaires par une grande majorité.

Rion de plus agréable à Pie XI le pape des missions.

Rien de plus apte à juger de l'esprit de foi des étudiants.

Rien de plus propre pour s'attirer des bénédictions du ciel que cette offrande pour les missions.

Honneur donc aux étudiants de l'Ecole Saint Louis.

Paul Emile Girouard '37.

SAINT JOSEPH'S PARISH

Saint Joseph's parish is the only one in the State of Maine which has a separate high school for its boys and for its girls. This unique, distinguished and enviable honor entails many responsibilities. But the splendid spirit that gave birth to these institutions is also strong enough to inspire the sacrifices which maintain them.

Saint Louis high school, of rather recent origin, has already made a name for itself. It has a capable staff, a program of studies approved by the State authorities and it is earning for itself a glorious way in the business, industrial and social strata of sosiety by means of its remarkable graduates.

For over fifty years Saint Joseph's high school has been molding generations of staunch Catholics, capable citizens and loyal patriots. Its pupils surpassing the thousand, have made room very scarce in the Alma Mater, to the point that the high school space has been reduced. To obviate this difficulty the venerable pastor, the Reverend J. A. Laflamme, has appealed to his congregation which has responded with a generous enthusiasm. So this summer will witness the wonderful changes that will modernize Saint Joseph's and give to its secondary school pupils uptodate classrooms, a laboratory, a library and whatever else is needed to make this efficient training resort second to none.

Praises cannot be minced before this onlightened heroic devotion of the parishioners to the cause of Catholic high school education.

They wisely realize

"That if Heaven holdeth out the key,
Catholic schools unlock to virtuous minds
The sanctuary of the beautiful.
And from this Beauty there doth grace proceed
So strange, so sweet, and of such influence,
That he who dies through her, through her doth live."

Marc Cantara '37.

SCHOOL IMPROVEMENTS

We are living in an age of improvement. Science is unmerciful to the stationary man. Our ancestors started on a
different plane, they trod the rough path of the ages and
carried their findings down to us. The torch they have given us is to enable us to continue the search, to discover,
to polish. Progress then is the basis of all institutions,
ours included.

This is why the year 1937 will be remembered by us as a period of achievement, a step forward, an advance to a higher plane. It will be a landmark in the history of St. Louis. It will recount the movements that have been a source of pride and uplift.

In the moral sphere, the League of the Sacred Heart has taken an official stand which has injected zest into the spiritual life of the students and has resulted in a healthy organization for Catholic Action whose fruition has already been noticeable.

On the social side, the school spirit has been revived into a burning flame which has shown the way to praiseworthy activities. Dramatics have shone with a new lustre, the annual play has reached a record peak in financial results and public applause. The orchestra has won recognition by its artistic renderings of beautiful music. Public speaking in the assembly hour has captivated many hearts and onlisted a precious supply of good will.

Materially our surroundings have stepped in line. With the cooperation of our beloved pastor, the Reverend J. A. Laflamme, the city Administration, the State and the Federal Government, a huge work has been done on the ledge behind the school and the day is not far off when the plan completely realized will provide an adequate play-ground where our classmates will be able to take exercise without being annoyed by passers-by.

A beautiful granite wall has been built around the frontage of the school property, new sidewalks leading to the entrances and a refreshing lawn enhance the looks of our building. This work has been made possible through the zeal and the popularity of Father Dubé.

The generations coming after us will profit by all these later additions to the glory of our Alma Mater. Though we shall leave before seeing the end of these laudable initiatives we are thankful to Saint Louis to have made us what we are. Without fear, we face the future embalming the souvenir of our school days in the sweetest remembrance. May the spirit of progress remain within the walls we leave behind to favor us with new eclosions of delight.

ÉPITRE À SAINT LOUIS

Cher Saint Louis, reçois cette Épitre,
Reçois ces vers sortis d'un cerveau languissant
Ils te sont dûs à plus d'un titre,
Ils sont le faible fruit d'un coeur reconnaissant.

De mille illusions non esprit est guéri,
Tu m'as donné ce gout, cette clarté divine
Qui me font admirer les beautés de la vie,
Et mépriser l'appas qui mène à l'abîme.

Puisse le teudre amour payer tous tes services,

Puisse-t-il cher Saint Louis te comblant de ses biens,

Remplir tes jours heuroum de ces mêmes délices

Dont tu daignas embellir les miens.

Grand merci de tes soins divers,

Pour de la gloire je t'en souhaite,

Et qu'attendais-tu d'un Poète,

Que des remerciements et quelques méchants vers.

ÉPITRE À SAINT LOUIS

Cher Saint Louis, reçois cette Épitre,

Reçois ces vers sortis d'un cerveau languissant

Ils te sont dûs à plus d'un titre,

Ils sont le faible fruit d'un coeur reconnaissant.

De mille illusions mon esprit est guéri,
Tu m'as donné ce gout, cette clarté divine
Qui me font admirer les beautés de la vie,
Et mépriser l'appas qui mène à l'abîme.

Puisse le tendre amour payer tous tes services,

Puisse-t-il cher Saint Louis te comblant de ses biens,

Remplir tes jours heureum de ces mêmes délices

Dont tu daignas embellir les miens.

Grand merci de tes soins divers,

Pour de la gloire je t'en souhaite,

Et qu'attendais-tu d'un Poète,

Que des remerciements et quelques méchants vers.

CLASS MOTTO

Res non verba.

Deeds not words.

Every man, every society, must have an ideal. It is the beacon light showing the road. This is why a graduating class chooses a motto, which shines by the reflection of the purpose it incarnates. It is an ideal toward the attainment of which life will be consecrated.

In the face of present circumstances, the graduating class of 1937 could not land on a better choice than this manly embodiment of its ideal - Deeds not words. We must make good to keep our services in demand. Hobody accepts excuses, alibi or shirking. Every one must hustle, must be militant, it is the survival of the fittest.

After all, the decree of divine Providence stands always unalterable: Thou shalt eat thy bread in the sweat of thy brow. Every community expects its members to take care of themselves. Manhood is but the power of managing one's business, fighting one's battles, earning one's en-

joyment and reputation.

Pope Pius XI has recently called all his children to enroll in the ranks of Catholic Action. Why should the forces of evil, the enemies of order, the trouble makers be the only enes to organize to gain their ends? The chivalry of old must revive in our days. It belongs to every Christian to muster his forces, to toughen his muscles, to iron his soul to fight for what he holds dearest. In labor there is honor, in struggle lies immortality.

The young men who step out of Saint Louis this June have a high conception of duty, they have the enthusiasm necessary to accomplish it, they launch into the dusty world to find a path or make one. Following the tradition of their elders, they look for victory, material and spiritual. Armed as they are, fired by intellectual acquisitions, fired by moral visious, they have the sta-

mina that spoll success.

Now is the time to watch these warriors of the Catholic school conquering obstacles, reaching the goal of their ambition, inscribing their names in the annals of glory. Under the grey skies, as well as under the blue skies, they will sing melodiously their psalm of life, they will be up and doing, always doing, always achieving so as to leave behind them footprints on the sands of time.

Roland Barra '37.

MAINE THE BEAUTIFUL

The State of Maine is one of the fairest jewels in the crown of Uncle Sam. It is the vacationland of the nation, the land of beauty and plenty, the land of hospitality and inspiration. I wonder whether you could find a finer spot in America.

It is my notion, that if any person is sick of drab towns, or if any artist wants his faith renewed, or if any doubter wants to get religion; or any person is weary of life, he had better come up here and look a bit around.

A day by the sea is something beyond words; ask sunbath lovers what they think of soft shoulders of sand dunes; of the smooth surface of beaches, of the invigorating benefaction of Old Sol. Did you ever see mountains purple and mystical and fixed forever? Have you heard of rolling hills embroidered like a cloth of gold? Who is not pleased to watch a peaceful smoke rising sleepily across intervales by the contented hamlet?

Come here and admire the glory of forests, the beauty of thousands of lakes, the music of brooks, the clamor of streams, the sweep of great rivers, the majesty of a rockbound coast, the gaiety of myriads of islands, the realm of kind hearts.

Nowhere else dwells a more hospitable people. You'll find Maine a domain of great natural resources for the development of industry; areas of high fertility yielding products that set the world's standards; a commonwealth which after the roll of three centuries is still a land of progress and promise.

Do you want health, do you want sport? Here the pines are waiting for you to exhale their sweet aroma. The salmon, the trout, the bass are ready. The tuna fish has tilts to tax your strength and your skill. The big game will welcome you, even the wild animals will run after you. The partridge, tho pheasant, the loon, the duck, the whole feathery tribe is set for a good time. Do you prefer sleighing, snowshoeing, tobogganing and the other invigorating wintry exercises? have your choice. Seize the opportunity to judge by yourself and stock your memory with impressions that defy the wear and tear of time.

Maybe leisure is your hobby? What comfortable nooks you can hit. The very atmosphere to nurse the muses is ever-present. Your ear, your brush, your pen will all find employment. You have only to open wide the doors of your wendering soul to hear undying symphonies, to transmute your vision on the casel, and to give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name.

The spirit of liberty, the benign influences that presided at the birth of our nation, that have it life and momentum are still alive, conservative, yet not averse to experimenting, the wary genia are still guiding our politicians and legislators. No oppression, no damper, no vicious legislation. All is fair play, courtesy, intelligent intercourse, a very forum of new ideas revolving around safety.

Maine is my native state, my love, my glory. Maine extends to you a cordial invitation and assures you a friendly and hearty reception, whether you come for a week, for a season, or as a year round resident. Come by train, by boat, by motor, by air - but come. It will yield you a never-ending supply of happiness.

AHIGH SCHOOL E DUCATION

In times gone by the common people needed not to be highly educated for the simple reason that a vast empire was sometimes ruled by only one man. With the conception of a new theory of government, society underwent many changes to suit the surrounding circumstances. It came to pass then that in an age and in a democracy like ours, higher, wider and deeper education was needed.

It is a well known fact that the high school is now the college for the majority of our people. It is the place where young people of our generation go to be fitted to cope with modern requirements and to be prepared to take up some useful and paying occupation. Strong men and weary mothers will deny themselves their own opportunity to live a modest cultural life in order that they may provide their sons and daughters with that education which they hope will enable them to live in comfort and even in affluence.

A young man who is wise and who has his future at heart will avail himself of the training afforded by a secondary school education. He will forego the allurements of uniform, small paying

job, he will constrain to pour for years over books, he will even make financial sacrifices in order to obtain that fitness that will make his future a bright one. This breadth of learning remains also the ideal of a democratic society whose prosperity lies in an intelligent people educated so as to have a sense that individual opportunity and social responsibility are one and inseparable.

A high school education confers on the recipient a nobility easily recognizable. The student
acquires a broader vision, a more comprehensive
philosophy, a clearer knowledge of life; he acquires the skill to transmute his thoughts his ideas into glorious actions, he becomes a leader
of men by his power of expression, he is the leaven that sustains all worthy undertakings; he is
the man of character that we admire, the cultured
friend whose commony is a treasure, a more perfect

sample of humanity.

When the subject of such education has had the chance of attending a Catholic school, he views his daily life, his contemporary problems, through the prism that shows duty and truth adorned with beauty. He breathes that perfume of contentment, he feels that joy that only a completely developed soul can taste. We, who had the chance of spending our years of training in such an institution, are grateful to our parish, to its enlightened paster, and to our devoted teachers to have made possible the proud product we are teday. By courage and faith we shall now serve self, God and country.

AN OLD CONTINENTAL

Nathan: Good morning, captain. How do you stand this hot weather?

Captain: Why, bless you, boy, it's a cold bath to what we had at Mommouth. Did I evertell you about that battle?

N. I have always understood that it was dread-ful hot that day.

- C. Why bless you boy, it makes my crutch sweat to think of it, and if I didn't hate long stories, I'd tell you things about that battle, such as you wouldn't believe, you rogue, if I didn't tell you. It beats all nature how hot it was.
- N. I wonder you did not all die of heat and fatigue.
- C. Why, so we should if the regulars had only died first; but you see, they never liked the Jerseys and wouldn't lay their bones there. Now if I didn't hate long stories, I'd tell you all about that business, for, you see, they don' do things so nowadays.

H. How so! Don't people die as they used to?

C. Why, bless you, no. It beats all nature to see how long the regulars would kick after we killed them.

N. What! kick after they were killed! That

does beat all nature as you say.

C. Come, boy, no splitting hairs with an old continental for you see, if I didn't hate long stories, I'd tell you things about that battle that you'd never believe. Why, bless you, when General Washington told us we might give it to them, we gave it to them, I tell you.

N. You gave what to them?

C. Cold lead, you regue. Why, bless you, we fired twice to their once, you see; and if I didn't hate long stories, I'd tell you how we did it. You must know the regulars were their close-bodied red coats, because they thought we were afraid of them, but we did not wear any coats, you see, because we hadn't any.

N. How happened you to be without coats?

C. Why, bless you, they would wear out, and the States couldn't buy us any more, you see, and so we marched the lighter, and worked the freer. How if I did not hate long stories, I would tell you what the general said to me next day, when I had a touch of rheumatism from lying on the field all night without a blanket. You must know, it was raining hard just then, and we were pushing on like anything after the regulars.

N. What did the general say to you?

Not a syllable says he, but off comes his coat, and he throws it over my shoulders,

"There, captain," he said, "wear that, for we can't spare you yet." Now don't that beat all

nature, hey?

N.

C.

So you wore the general's coat, did you?

Bless your simple heart, no. I didn't feel sick after that, I tell you, No. general, says I, they can spare me better than they can you, just now, and so I'll take the will for

the doed says I.

N. You will never forget this kindness, captain.

C. Not I, boy! I never feel a twinge of the rheumatism, but what I say, God bless the general. How you see, I hate long stories or I'd tell you how I give it to a regular that tried to shoot the general at Mommouth. You know we were at close quarters, and the general was right between the two fires.

N. I wonder he was not shot.

C. Bless your ignorant soul, nobody could kill the general; but, you see, a sneaking regular didn't know this and so he leveled has musket at him, and you see, I saw what he was after and I gave the general's horse a slap on the haunches and it beats all nature how he sprung and the general all the while as straight as a gun-barrel.

N. And you saved the general's life?

C. Didn't I told you nobody could kill the general; but, you see, his horse was in the rake of my gun, and I wanted to get the start of that cowardly regular.

N. Did you hit him?

C. Bless you simple soul, does the thunder hit where it strikes! though the fellow made me blink, for he carried away part of this ear. See there? Now don't that beat all nature?

N. I think it does. But tell me how is it, that you took all these things so calmly? What made you so contented under your privations and hardships?

C. Oh, bless your young soul, we got used to it. Besides, you see, the general never flinched or grumbled.

N. Yes, but you served without being paid.

C. So did the general, and the States, you know, were poor as all nature.

N. But you had families to support.

C. Ay, ay, but the general always told us that God and our country would take care of them, you see. Now, if I didn't hate long stories, I'd tell you how it turned out just as he said, for he beat all nature for guessing right.

N. Then you feel happy and satisfied with what you have done for your country, and what she has done for you?

C. Why bless you, if I hadn't left one of my legs at Yorktown, I wouldn't have touched a stiver of the states' money, and, as it is, I am so old, that I shall not need it long. You must know I long to see the general again, for if he don't hate long stories as bad as I do, I shall tell him all about America, you see, for it beats all nature how things have changed since he left us

MAYOR F.H. MITCHELL

Mayor Prederick H. Mitchell succumbed to heart attack late Sunday afternoon lay 2, after completing a survey of streets and highways with city officials. The people of Biddeford were sorrow-stricken by the sudden death of the beloved executive whose semest efforts in behalf of the city won him the respect and admiration of all citizens and his memory lives in the heart of those he wished to help.

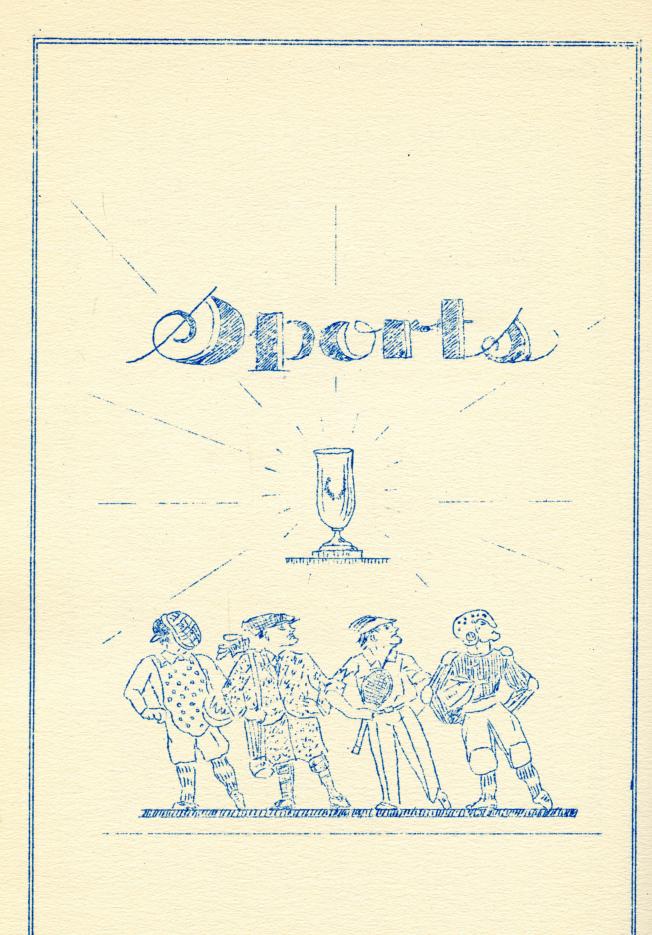
Education was his cherished care. In his second inaugural address he pledged a whole-hearted support of the schools and he added:

"I have had the pleasure of attending not only the graduation exercises of our public schools, but also those of the parochial schools and I want to commend them at this time for the wonderful work which is being done in them, not only educationally but spiritually.

Dr. Mitchell was a staunch supporter of all the organizations of St. Joseph's Church. He took a great interest in St. Louis High School. On February 1, on the eve of his departure for a cruise in Southern waters he took the trouble of writing to Brother Ephrem to express his regret at not being able to attend the annual concert to be given by the school and to wish the affair a great success. At a later date he wrote to the same principal embodying once more the esteem he had for Scint Louis High.

It is therefore a duty of love and gratitude to record in the pages of this annual the kindness of our departed Kayor and to give expression to the appreciative thoughts of the Faculty and of the whole Student body.

The Hour has come, when the day is ended, When all life's sorrow and strife are o'er. O God of Grace in thy hely keeping Hay his soul rest for the years to be!



SPORT SONG

Boys, we want a victory

Then we'll have some fame;

So let's unite and cheer for St. Louis

And start the school parade.

As we go marching

And the band begins to p-l-a-y

You can hear the people shouting

O Saint Louis! O Saint Louis!

Is going to win today,

Saint Louis Gold, Saint Louis Blue,

Saint Louis Gold and Blue

We'll ever be true to you.

Saint Louis Blue, Saint Louis Gold,

Saint Louis Blue and Gold

Thy banner we'll uphold !--

Air: Villanova.

FOOTBALL

Under the fearful eye of coach Brother Francis the football season of 1935 was the best for Saint Louis High School in all its history. But two reasons account for this, first, you could admire a superb spirit in the team, and, secondly, the fine behavior of the team on the gridiren. From all directions on the field, you could hear such expressions as these: Now cleanly they fight! What spirit in them! etc... This proves how a Catholic education can build a sportman.

Comparatively light in weight, the team managed to get along even with the overweights. Through injuries, bumps and sore limbs, everyone on the team gave the best of his ability to win under the "Gold and Blue." What more can you ask of a team of the sort? Even though limited in material and lack of experience, the team was highly esteemed. It was composed of all classes, even from the Freshman Class. This is the resson why we are so confident of having a perfect team in years to come We must consider that we are now building up and that we must not expect an "All-American" team in a couple of years only.

The next schedule is being already drawn. Saint Louis Migh is looking forward for a big season. They will engage Biddeford, Traip, South Berwick, Wells, Kennebunk and some other varsity teams of the state. We are glad, indeed, to see such a fine schedule. We must mention Principal Brother Ephrem who devoted himself for selecting our opponents. Honorable mention must be made also of the careful training which we have received under the care of our teacher-coach, Brother Francis. Burdened with his teaching, he has gladly sacrifised his afternoons to guide us during football sessions. Those who understand the inside of football will certainly appreciate the work of our leader.

We seniors, are sorry to leave this well organized, man building sport. Nevertheless, we are glad of our season of 1936. And now, let our followers continue the fine advancement.

ST.LOUIS HAD A SUCCESSFUL SEASON

1936

The Saint Louis high baseball team has closed a successful baseball season, their success in the season being more noteworthy because little was expected this year with the loss of several players who starred on the team the previous season. The 1936 team lost six games and won the same number.

They defeated Westbrook, Thornton, Biddeford and Cheverus, the latter, champion of the Telegram League.

Fontaine was the leading hitter of the team, finishing with an average of .490. A. Lakiberté with .470, Cantara with .425 and St. Ours with .400 were close behind the leader.

This year the team loses A. Laliberté, St. Ours, Lauzier and A. Lavoie, but still has the nucleus of a strong nine for another season.

The results of the season were:

Saint	Louis	4	vs.	Westbrook	16
Saint	Louis	3	vs.	Gorbam Normal	5
Saint	Louis	16	VS.	Westbrook	7
Saint	Louis	14	VS.	Cheverus	9
Saint	Louis	7	VS.	White Stars	9
Saint	Louis	20	vs.	Thornton	19
Saint	Louis	14	vs.	Deering	17
Saint	Louis	12	VS.	League All Stars	11
Saint	Louis	5	vs.	Lowiston	20
Saint	Louis	9	VS.	Alumni	1
Saint	Louis	1	vs.	Lewiston	8
Saint	Louis	12	vs.	Biddeford	7

Batting averages: Fontaine, .490; A. Laliberté, .470; Cantara, .423; St. Ours, .400; Lauzier, .381; Girouard, .286; Lavoie, .244; Gendron, .238; R. Laliberté, .200; Drapeau, .143; G. Nadeau, .077.

Roland Laliberté '37,

BASEBALL LEAGUE

Baseball, one of the finest sports is specialized at St. Louis High School. The boys like the game and especially they want to play it. They realize that it is a game of skill and requires a good judgment. They wish to develop these two, in order to use them correctly later on. Therefore besides its varsity team St. Louis High organized a Junior League last year in the school.

Players not on the varsity team were invited to try their skill in the league. And to our surprise a large squad of boys responded to the call. An assortment of hurlers and catchers accomplished their duties amazingly. The fielders' work was surprising. The teams that composed the league are as follows: The Tigers, the Red Sox, the Yankees and the Cardinals. Each team was managed by a player of the varsity team. Believe me, these managers were wonderful leaders.

A schedule was drawn out and the teams were set of equivalent material. Maybe you are asking yourself why such a spirit in them? Yes, they were fighting for that beautiful trophy given away to the winners by the school management. All games were to go five innings. But let me tell you that many overtime games were played. Games ending by a runaway were seldom seen. That is why the interest was high. But, as there can be only one winner, the Cardinals were superior, and were awarded the trophy. The team was managed by André Laliberté.

We think that this is the best method to give a player some experience. The varsity team can't carry on without replacements. Veterans are taken away by graduation and therefore when you have replacements of the kind, you have far more chances of having a

good team.

The winning team was composed of the following

playors:

André Laliberté, manager,

Gérard Neault,
Raymond Sylvestre,
Raymond Côté,
Robert Boisvert,
Wilfrid Nadeau,

Edgar Piette, Ernest Guillemette, Robert Guérin, Léo Monpas Faul Cantara.

Roland Lalibertó '37.

ST. LOUIS LETTER MEN

BASEBALL

André Laliborté	136	Marc Cantara	137
Lucien Lauzier	136	Paul Girouard	137
Donald St. Ours	136	Joan Paul Drapeau	137
Arthur Lavoie	136	Ernest Fontaine	138
Wilfrid Nadeau	136	Raymond Gendron	138
Roland Lalibortó	137	Gérard Madoau	139
	t Guil	lemette '38	

FOOTBALL

Roland Laliberté	137	Albert Cordeau	138
Gérard Joneas	137	Górard Nadeau	139
Marc Cantara	137	Gérard Heault	139
Raymond Baril	137	Aleido Boucher	139
Paul Labrecque	137	Paul Mercier	139
Laurent Hovey	137	Walter Brouillette	139
Richard Ryan	137	Raymond Côté	140
Jean Paul Drapea	u 138	Jérome Deschambeau	1t40
Charles Fournier		Raymond Sylvestre	140
Paul Bouthot	138	Joan Baiguy	141
	Mascot Edgar	· Fietto '38	

SOCIAL WORK

Marcel Houle	137	Jean Paul Emond	138			
DRAMATICS						
Paul Giroux Marcel Houle Paul Labrecque	137 137 137	Paul Cookson Roland Laliberté	137			

TABLEAU D'HONNEUR

QUATRIÈME ANNÉE

Marcel Houlo Paul Giroux René Salvas Richard Ryan

TROISIÈME ANNÉE

Edgar Piotto
Ernest Guillometto
Joan Faul Brapeau
Paul Bouthot

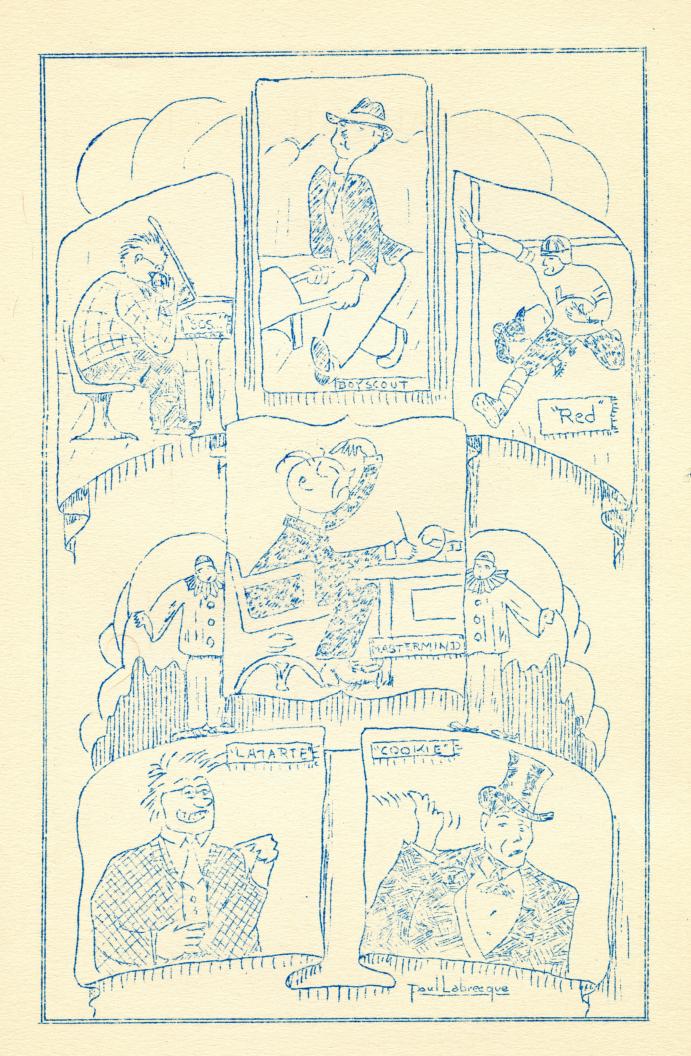
DEUXIÈME ANNÉE

Joseph Bouchard Roland Bellefouille Aleide Boucher Alphonse Custeau

PREMIÈRE ANNÉE

Robert Lomieux Edmond Boucher Léo Paul Pétrin





JOKES

Baillargeon:

"Can I got through this gate to

tho park?

The Tondor:

(Looking at him) "I guess so; a load of hay just went through."

Cookson: Soniors: Cookson: "Are you all laughing at mo?"
"Ho," (come the answer in chorus)
"Hell, what else is there in the
room to laugh at?"

Mother:

"Why were you kept in after school today, Eddie?

Cantara:

"The Brother told us to write an essay on "The Results of Laziness" and I turned in a blank sheet of paper.

Barra: New Friend: Barra: "I make my living with my pen."
"Oh, you are an author!"
"Oh, no, I raise pigs."

Teacher:

"Why do you insist on spelling bank with a capital 'B'?"

Salvas:

"Well, Fa said, a bank was no good unless it had a big capital."

Scout Master:

"Have you done your good deed to-day, Hevey?"

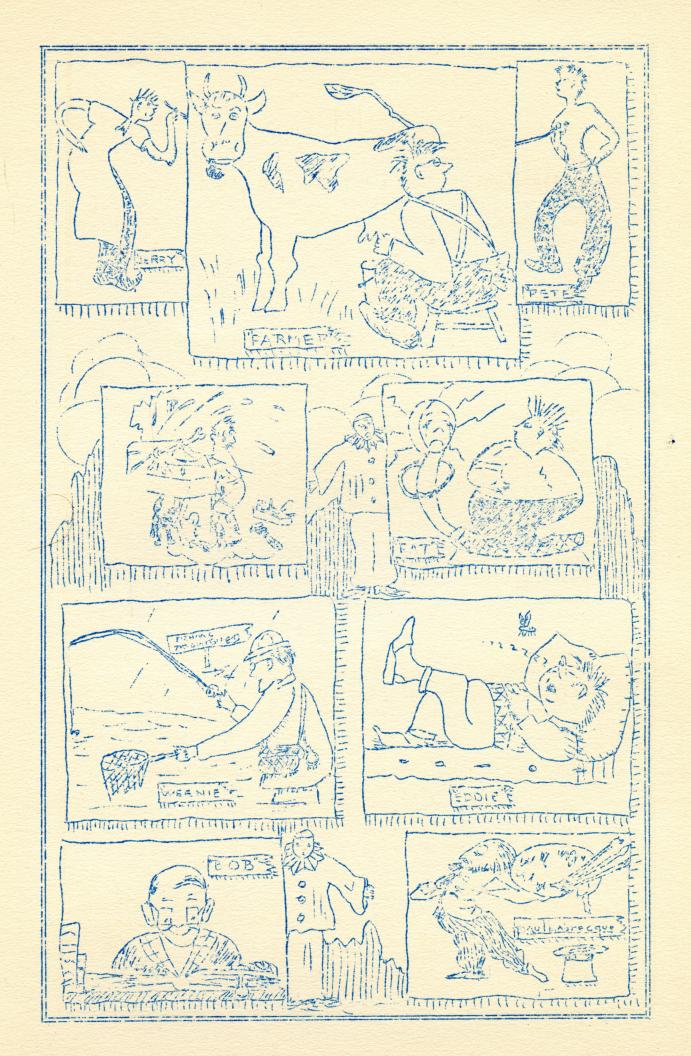
Hevey:

"Yes, sir, I went to see my aunt and it made her very happy when I left."

Labrecque:

"Out in the country where I spent a couple of days they gave me one of those three-season beds."

Friend: Labrecque: "Never heard of them."
"No springs."



Teacher:

"Paul, tell the class what you know about the Caucasian race."

Girouard:

"I didn't see it, Brother. That was the day I went to the ball

game."

Barber:

"Will you have anything on your

face when I get through."

Houle:

"I doubt it, but I'm hoping you'll

leave my nose."

Giroux:

"The world has an opening for me!"

Look at the recent graduates who

have found their openings."

Junior:

"Yes, and most of them are still

in the hole."

Sophomore:

"Show me a good boxer and I'll

show you a bum."

Laliberté: Sophomore:

"Izzat so. I'm a boxer. So what?"
"So I'm the bum," he said backing

toward the door."

"I wanna buy a collar for father," said Joneas to the clerk.

"What kind? queried the clerk, "Something like mine?"

Shaking his head dubiously, Joneas said: "I'd rather have a clean one.

Aunt:

"What are you going to do when you

grow up, Bob?"

Guérin:

"Grow a beard?"

Aunt:

"For heaven's sake - why?"

Guérin:

"So I won't have too much face to

wash."

A NOS PROFESSEURS

Célébrons ce beau trait d'un Roi plein de sagesse,
De ce Philippe, arbitre et vainqueur de la Grèce.
L'Hymen lui donne un fils; il en rend grâce aux dieux;
Mais ce qui met le comble à ce bienfait des cieux,
C'est, dit-il, écrivant au Sage de Stagyre,
Qu'un Maître tel que vous un jour pourra l'instruire.
Oui, mon plus doux espoir c'est que sous votre loi
Mon fils se rendra digne et de vous et de moi

Oracles de savoir, polis au sein des Arts,
De quels traits bienfaisants vous frappez nos regards!
O, Frères, grands, profonds, véhéments, energiques,
En de poignants accents rien moins que magnifiques
Tous peignez l'art, la science et les décrets des cieux.
Chacun, tendre, ailé, fécond, harmonieux,
De ce style enchanteur, où la douceur respire,
Conseille la vertu, l'embellit et l'inspire.

Tels étaient les discours de ces hommes sublimes. Finissant reconnais leurs célestes maximes:
De ces mêmes leçons dans ta jeunesse nourri,
Tu reconnais la voix de ce Mentor chéri,
Dont les sages travaux, l'ardeur, la vigilance
Goutent dans tes vertus leur digne récompense.
Ainsi d'un oeil content le Laboureur charmé
Voit jaunir la moisson du champ qu'il a semé.

FACING THE FUTURE

The hour has come, the break of the day
So calm and bright;
Fear not with courage to launch away,
All will be right.
Fear not the mighty daunts to sound
Or loose the energy that held thee bound;
The day is set, success is found,
All will be right!

Too sweet it were to linger still
To drink more lore;
Our grown up souls, the charming thrill
Must feel no more.
Yet all is right, for He is here,
Whose Voice the stormiest billows fear;
His Master hand the helm will steer,
We ask no more.

Although for many weary nights and days
We'll toil in vain,
Our courage at His word we'll raise,
And try again.
With manly hearts forget the past,
And launch into the struggles to cast
Success, by His sweet cross make fast
Yet once again.

Lord, we believe; the task is set;

Lead Thou the way.

No ties of earth, no fond regret,

Our course shall stay.

To souls that love Thee all is right,

Though dark and long the hours of night;

To humble souls Thou sendest the light

To make it day.

FAREWELL

Here we are at the end of our school days. Time has forced us out of school. Diplomas in hands, what shall we take up now? Our hearts seem to bleed whenever we think that we will leave our school and our beloved Brothers, and think of those short hours spent in school working so joyfully. We surely appreciate everything given us either in studies or in play. We have received priceless treasures which contain everything that will be necessary for us to go on in life. We will live encouraged by its content and we shall always work for its benefit.

Each and everyone of us will take up his trade according to his vocation. Our aim will be to be in the best kind of citizens and to show the world our ability in doing things, and by the same fact the use of our Catholic High School education. Yes, Catholic, because otherwise, it would be another story altogether. Our priests and parents wanted us to receive the right kind of education. So far, only our parents have taken the responsibility of our education. Therefore, we must in turn, begin to conquer every obstacle and bring forth the fruits of our schooling.

As we bid farewell to our schoolmates, we must not take it too hard. Sad as it may seem, we must go out alone, and stand firm on our foundation. We have been all through the grades as a family, but now we must part; it is indeed more than a sad moment. Nevertheless, we shall recall those happy days, whenever we shall meet again. We are glad indeed of our work and as a whole we have made our best to clevate the reputation of our school which shall. without any doubt, be continued by our followers.

Farewell, must be tendered also to our devoted teachers, who have performed their duties nobly and faithfully. They have even labored and helped us outside of their regular work. Whether our diligence was worth their secrifices, nothing was too costly for them. However, if they have the best on us, we hope that we will match up with them by our accomplishments.

As the time draws near for our last visit, after which peace and happiness shall dominate our lives, with hearts full of gratitude and hope, we bid our school, teachers and friends, a most affectionate farewell.

VOEUX

Chors Amis:

Le but de l'éducation reçue à Saint Louis a été d'éclairer l'intelligence et de fortifier le corps, mais avant tout de former des êmes viriles et des coeurs droits. Vous allez maintenant entrer dans la vie publique pour mener le bon combat - militaris Deo.

Soyez-y des hommes.

Etre homme, voyez-vous, c'est triompher du doute,

Cet ennemi mortel, frère du désespoir;

C'est marcher jusqu'au bout, ferme et droit sur la route

Qui mène à la vertu, passant par le devoir;

C'est garder le front haut au jour de la détresse,

C'est porter sans faiblir l'âme grande en tout lieu.

C'est nourir dans son sein la force et la tendresse,

C'est rechercher toujours l'épine avant la rose,

Etre grand dans la paix, vaillant dans le combat,

Donner son bras, son sang, à la plus noble cause,

Prier, parler, aimer; être Apôtre et Soldat!

Sans nul doute, tel sera votre idéal. Vous serez le levain qui essaiera de renouveler notre société malade. Vous serez l'honneur de votre pasteur, de vos maîtres, de votre famille, de votre paroisse. Tel est notre espoir, telle est notre conviction.

Nos voeux vous accompagnent.

La Faculté.

